

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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THE CHRIST WHO LIVETH EVERMORE

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday and today and forever.—HEBREWS XIII:8.

I don't think this is meant to be used as a "theological" text. It is usually so taken, but I am by no means sure that the author of Hebrews was engaged with doctrinal thoughts at all. In the verses which precede this one he is busy with the experiences and problems of common life: such subjects as marriage, mourning, suffering, hospitality, money, vicious temptations. He winds up at this point by bidding them recall their leaders: "Look back," he says, "upon the close of their career, and copy their faith"; that will keep them right and straight. Then his heart leaps up in encouragement of them, and he cries,

"There is more for you than that. There is Christ Himself to help you—not simply an example to whom you may look back, but one who is with you still, now and here, living, glorified, present, always the same, yesterday, today and forever."

None of His Yesterdays Are Dead

This is the message paramount of the whole New Testament. The whole book is there not so much to show us that Christ lived as to proclaim that He lives. Christ is not there to be copied; rather is He with us as One in whom to be incorporated. The motto with which the Gospel begins is "Follow Me!" But the motto in its final page is "Abide in Me!"

We should read the New Testament to learn what Christ was and did. True; but we must not stop there. We must go on, as we read, to say, "All this is what He still is; all this is what He still does." All Christ's yesterdays are today. Omar Khayyam speaks of "dead yesterdays."

None of Christ's yesterdays are dead.

Tell me what He was in Galilee 1900 years ago and what He did, and I shall tell you what He is and is doing now.

The Glad Heart of Christ

This is a point of view which not a few, I surmise, need to recover today.

Go through the "old story" with this touchstone, and our daily life shall be enriched as by that fabled stone of the philosophers which turned all to gold.

Let me offer you some illustrations of those yesterdays of Christ which are today. One of them was the yesterday at Cana. On that He rejoiced with them that did rejoice. The Christ of yesterday who rejoiced at Cana is the same today. He rejoices still in all happy, human, innocent joy and merrymaking. Some think, or comport themselves as if they thought, that the Christian life is one long funeral, a prolonged confining for the grave and judgment. This alienates youth. Truly life is serious enough, but there is room for Cana in our lives, with Christ set in the midst of it.

True, he moved Milton to sing many a grave hymn; but his "L'Allegro" came straight through his heart from Christ's glad heart.

Some Things Must Be Dropped

But we shall not run off with the notion that Christ was and is complacent and tolerant of all that men treasure as joy and delight in the world.

There was a yesterday in Palestine long ago when a young nobleman came to Him, clean, buoyant, well-disposed and the heart of Jesus went out to him. But He saw the grip of Mammon on that lad's heartstrings. He said to him "Sell everything and come with Me." This is

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today's Christ as well. Not that He says to all, Sell all! He said not so yesterday. Peter kept his house at Capernaum, and Martha and Mary theirs at Bethany. But the Christ who yesterday looked on that young nobleman is face to face today with more people than we may surmise.

And very often He beholds here and there (perhaps very near here) a man or woman who converses with Him but will not covenant with Him, because of something in hand, heart, home or business haunt, which simply must be "sold," divested, dropped!

He That Liveth and Was Dead

Go through the whole of the old Gospel story thus, and every page will begin to glow with a light that is as modern as the electric bulb by which you read.

Let me choose one more illustration. Upon one of the yesterdays of Christ a woman stood lingering in a garden which was a cemetery. She lingered about the grave of one who had her whole soul in thrall. But even the sad satisfaction of beholding the shape of her beloved dead was denied her.

How many brothers and sisters of that sad heart abound today, peering into the dark and the distance and seeing naught, straining to hear in the dead silence without a whisper in reply! So it was with her yesterday; nothing but graves and the dim figures of the living who gave no help.

But one stood by her and named her, and she leaned to Him in an ecstasy of joy and was forever happily content.

The Lord of Eternal Life

That Christ of yesterday is the same Christ today.

There in that vacant room, where you are rigid and frigid in grief, in that bleak graveyard where not even a ghost flits to bear you company; there is today's Lord of eternal life, waiting to turn to you if only you will but speak to Him. "I have news for you," He answers you; "do you remember what I asked my servant John long ago to write of the dead—a great multitude about the throne of the Redeemer, who hunger no more, neither thirst any more, but are fed by Me and led evermore by Me to living fountains of water? That word is true and it is today I utter it to you."

But speak to Him about it all, dear soul. Today, if you will but speak to Him who is beside you to speak these words, He will speak these words with wordless intensity within your heart.

—Rev. A. Boyd Scott, D.D., of
Glasgow in the Boston Transcript.

THAT WHIFF OF SPRING

One would scarcely expect that the messengers of Spring would have the temerity to venture into the stern realm of Winter, and yet, this has often been known to happen.

Long before the great tasks of Winter have been completed, and his iron hand has loosed its grip, before the last ice-imprisoned mountain is free, or the brooks and rivers, and ponds and lakes are released, even before the willows are yellow against the distant sky, or the iridescent bulbs of the crocus bubble up in sheltered corners, there is a hint of spring that every little rabbit sniffs with satisfaction.

It comes so quietly and is off so quickly, that I am told that there are many who never know it has been here, or if they have marked it, it has no meaning to them. But to those who have followed it through the years, it is a certain promise. Yet they can testify that no other comes so unexpectedly.

Perhaps, some January day, you will venture forth, armed to meet the sharp, thin, vital air, alert to take the crisp, whipping wind, with its pointed crystal

touch, and meet, instead, zephyr, so soft, so languid, so weighted with the moist, sweet scent of patches of thawing ground, that you will know at once what is forward.

That is the whiff of spring, the scent which you will never forget, once you have caught it and once it has associated itself with the feel of the first promise of spring. There is nothing like it, it is so primitive, so fundamental, so unhampered, that it appeals to the elemental in each creature who finds himself akin. It takes men back to their first love of the earth, to the joy of the feel of the earth, to the pleasure of the promise of the earth, to the satisfaction of the fruit of the earth. It is free, and it makes him free who breathes it; it is independent of externals, and, for the moment, so is he who takes it in. It is one with the rhythms of the earth, that is why the little creatures can read its meaning, and that is why everyone who loves what the little creatures love, can read it with open heart and listening ear.

It rushes upon you so suddenly, so soft-footedly, that after it is gone you will fall to wondering if it was there at all, or if you only fancied it. Each year it comes in a new way. Each time it is as if it had never come before, and were a bit shy about coming. It is the first living, breathing messenger from the long blue distance, and for that it is precious. After that, blizzards may blow, winds may rage, snow may pile head-high, but you will know, and I will know, and every little rabbit will know, that spring has whispered, and that soon there will be more messengers, more signs, but none more sweet than this first venturesome messenger, in the heart of winter.

Only a little breeze, yet what a tale it bears. Only a little breeze, and yet the tiny creatures all lift their noses to catch it. Well they know its meaning. The rabbit puts a bit more fun into his hops that day, and waits, well knowing what he knows. February may be bleak, March may be a despot, but April is not far away. "We can wait," say the

creatures, "we can wait." Each day after this the sun shines minutes longer, each day the shadows on the snow are a darker blue.

There will be times all through the next two months, in our New England country, when if the wind is right, and you are there, you will get this whiff, though it will be followed by storms and ice.

"But," says a doubting friend, "do you mean to tell me that when I have just begun to think that winter has set in in earnest you are smelling spring? Preposterous! I will not listen to you!"

I was never more serious. I know, and there are scores who know, with me, that away back in January, with the snow still on the ground, and the ice firmly locking all the brooks, and ponds, and holding the ground in an icy hand, one can sometimes—it is not every day that this occurs—but sometimes, one can get that whiff of spring.

It is the scent that in April mingles itself with the warm moist rain, as it falls on the freshly ploughed furrows, or brushes the blossoming apple trees in May. It will not be full of promise then, nor so vibrant with expectation; it will be the fulfillment of the vaporous promises of January.

There are days when the sun seems to join with this messenger, bearing the first letter of spring, and there is a sweetness in the air, a melody which the swelling brooks pick up and carry on toward the rivers. They have been gathering the waters along the way, and they will go on gathering them until in the spring they will be free to sing with full orchestra. Even though for the moment stern Winter may lock them tight in icy houses, yet they sing softly and bubble in quiet glee, and if some day you will bend your ear closely, and listen to one of them, it will tell you all about it.

—Clipped.

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next.—Young.

To err is human: to forgive, divine.

CORRESPONDENTS AND APPEALS

MRS. JOHN A. MCCADDIN, *Chairman*, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

A correspondent writing to the Exchange for the first time should always give as reference the name and address of her minister.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice should be sent to Headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., and to those persons who have been sending letters and reading matter.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word.

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of its magazine by addressing letters asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who disobeys this rule will be dropped from the list, and any one who receives a request of this description is desired by the Central Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to the Chairman of this Department.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. M. E. Eller, Silas Creek, N. C., would like to thank all Cheerful Letter friends who have remembered her in the past. She has a baby boy one year old and would appreciate something for him. She would like a good magazine to read or some woolen scraps for quilts.

2. I want to thank those who have sent me cheer. I have some pale blue Iris which were sent me by a Cheerful Letter lady that are very lovely. I should like any kind of flower seed, but I like the perennials best, particularly pink, white and blue bulbs. I also like puzzles. Mrs. Maude Emerson, Rupert, Ark.

3. Mrs. C. H. Strider, Candor, N. C., has five children, three of whom attend school. As she has no near neighbors, she would appreciate reading and sewing.

4. Mrs. Mary Moran, Rt. 1, Bennett, N. C., writes that she is still suffering with a very bad cough, and would be glad if someone would send her some sewing materials and quilt scraps to help pass away the time.

5. I am lonely and would like to get quilt scraps, thread and some books for

my little boy 10, and girl 8, who like to read but haven't any books. Mrs. Walter Hurley, Grassy Creek, N. C.

6. Will someone please send some reading matter to Mrs. F. Carl Sturgill, wife of the minister at Sturgills, N. C.?

7. James I. Emerson, 19, of Koch Ridge, Ark., has a badly cut foot and would appreciate some books or magazines, preferably Zane Grey's or Peter B. Kyne's. His widowed mother would like quilt scraps.

8. I am a shut-in and get very discouraged, having been sick in bed for four years. I have three boys, 10, 12 and 14, who have a hard time running the farm. We all would appreciate having something to read, and I would like some embroidery or quilt pieces. Mrs. R. L. Hatley, Oakboro, N. C.

9. Mrs. Fred Testerman, Helton, N. C., is ill a great deal of the time and her young husband has permanently injured one arm. They have a son 22 months old. She would like some reading matter, quilt pieces or embroidery work.

10. I am 27 years of age and in ill-health. The doctors have given me orders not to do any work. I get very lonesome and would appreciate any kind

of cheer. I am fond of reading good novels and magazines. I would be grateful for any kind of sewing material. Mrs. J. F. Parker, Rt. 2, Marshville, N. C.

11. Mrs. Homer Turner, Buffalo Ridge, Va., is the mother of seven children ranging in age from 2 to 16. Her health is poor and her husband has lost the use of one hand as a result of blood poisoning. She would enjoy quilt pieces or embroidery.

12. I hope someone will remember me with quilt scraps, thread and reading matter. My husband and self are aged people and live far out in the country, so cheer of any kind to help pass the lonely hours will be much appreciated. Mrs. Mary L. Thomas, R. F. D. 3, Spencer, Va.

13. Miss Clyde Hartsoe, Rt. 1, Box 45, Clifton, N. C., has five brothers and sisters, four of whom are in school. Her father has rheumatism. They live on a farm and would appreciate magazines, sewing or embroidery.

14. My husband works away from home most of the time, leaving me with four small children, a boy 8 years old and three girls, 2, 4 and 6. They enjoy looking at books and cards, but we are not able to buy them, and the little boy begs me to read to him, but I haven't anything suitable. I enjoy piecing quilts and embroidering pillow cases, and reading. Mrs. Cora Miller, Rocky Hill, Ark.

15. Will someone send me quilt scraps, bits of embroidery thread or picture books? I have six children, the youngest 10 months old. Mrs. John Barnes, Rugby, Va.

16. Mrs. Callie Cretsinger, Grassy Creek, N. C., is a cripple and lives all alone. She would appreciate books, magazines, quilt pieces or any kind of cheer sent her.

17. I would be glad to get some good books, magazines and religious papers for myself and husband, and picture books and cards for my little children. I have eight children, the oldest 18 and the youngest 2 months. I should also like quilt pieces, thread

and sewing. Mrs. Mae Parsons, Volney, Va.

18. Mrs. Mary Reid, Archey, Ark., is a poor widow with three children. The boy, 7, is sickly and one of the girls, 11, has weak eyes. The other girl is 13. Reading and quilt scraps will be appreciated.

19. I would like to hear from some of the Cheerful Letter friends again. Since Mother died, I have been moving from one place to another. I am now 18 years old, and would be glad to receive some good reading, embroidery thread or quilt scraps. Miss Nannie Mae Spencer, Bassett, Va.

20. Mrs. Wrennie Griffin, Rt. 4, Box 157, Marshville, N. C., is a poor widow who is getting old and feeble. She would appreciate anything that would brighten the lives of herself and invalid daughter, who is unable to support herself.

21. I love fancy work of any kind and would be very glad of some pieces for patchwork, threads or designs, also any kind of picture books for my little girls under six years of age. Anything that anyone may send will certainly be appreciated by us. Mrs. V. C. Hill, Rt. 1, Lawsonville, N. C.

22. Mrs. G. W. Grady, Rt. 3, Spencer, Va., wishes to thank all who have remembered her in any way in the past year. She would appreciate any kind of cheer for herself and family.

23. I enjoy the Cheerful Letter magazine each month. My health is not good, so will appreciate something to read and some quilt pieces. I like the Hearth and Home, Ladies' Home Journal, Farm and Fireside, and Youths' Companion. Mrs. Maggie B. Renslow, Rt. 1, Calhoun, Tenn.

24. Mrs. Mae Lowder, Rt. 2, Box 3, New London, N. C., has been in poor health for over a year, and desires quilt scraps, embroidery thread, designs, or books.

25. I would very much like to have The Literary Digest, Good Housekeeping, Ladies' Home Journal or any other magazine or books. Mrs. Mildred Alley

of Rural Hall, N. C., is my mother. Mrs. Bernice Apple, Rt. 6, Riedsville, N. C.

26. We have six small children and four try to go to school. I would love to receive some reading for myself and husband and children, as we are not able to take any paper or magazine. I would love to get some scraps to make some quilts, as we need bedclothes very much. Mrs. Mae Parkhill, South Wine St., Gainesville, Tex.

27. Mrs. W. W. Badger, Sturgills, N. C., is very much in need of quilt pieces and thread. Also reading matter and picture or drawing books for the children will be helpful.

28. It has been a blessing to receive the Cheerful Letter, and I thank all that have sent me papers and quilt pieces. I would like some quilt scraps and embroidery thread. I live in the country and don't go anywhere much. Mrs. J. L. Mull, Rt. 1, Box 111, Etomah, Tenn.

29. I want you all to know how thankful I was for the past cheer. I hope my far-off neighbors haven't forgotten me. I am not able to do any work except light handwork. May I please have some bits of embroidery material and a few quilt scraps? Mrs. Myrtle Greer, Clifton, N. C.

30. Mrs. George Nolen, Thelma, Va., would be glad to receive quilt pieces and reading. She has five children. The 10-year-old boy is threatened with tuberculosis.

31. As I need cheer and reading, will you please send me a copy of the dear old Cheerful Letter, and a few scraps for quilts? Mrs. Jesse Broadway, Rt. 2, Norwood, N. C.

32. I am alone much of the time. I keep house for my husband and his father. My husband's mother died last April and, since then, I married her youngest son and came here to live with and care for his father, who is unable to do any work. I will be so glad of quilt pieces and reading. Mrs. Rufus Hill, Jr., Ansonville, N. C.

33. Mrs. J. S. Roland, Clifton, N. C.,

has a large family and is confined to her home very much. She would appreciate quilt pieces and thread. Her two oldest girls are interested in fancy work.

34. I recently moved from Parkdale to Kingsland, Ark. Parkdale is a cotton country and called the Swamps. So many people had malaria and swamp fever last fall that my parents decided to move to higher ground. Three families hired a truck and moved 112 miles to the hills in Cleveland County. I would be so glad to get embroidery materials and reading matter. Mattie Beverage, Rt. 1, Box 74.

35. Mrs. Walter E. Davis, Rt. 1, Box 353, Monroe, N. C., is unable to send her six children to school because they have no books. She writes that they lost their home by fire, and that they have to work the land on shares, which does not provide them with very much. They would appreciate anything to cheer them.

36. I live out in the country, and send my 7- and 9-year-old girls to school. I also have a little girl 5 years old. I would appreciate a few quilt scraps and stamped pieces to embroider, also bits of thread of any kind. Mrs. Gladys Ashley, Clifton, N. C.

37. I am a man 30 years old and not well. I own no home. I have a wife and four children and a mother who is not able to work. I would be glad to receive any kind of books or magazines or church books to pass the lonely hours with my family. Mr. G. H. West, Grassy Creek, N. C.

WHO WAS MOTHER GOOSE

Here Is Tale of Her First Appearance

Who was Mother Goose, and from whence came the nursery rhymes familiar to all of us? The question has long been shrouded, at least in the United States, by a fog of conflicting opinions. Many New Englanders like to believe the statement of one Thomas Fleet, an early New England printer,

that the original Mother Goose was Elizabeth Foster, Mrs. Vergoose, of late seventeenth and early eighteenth century Boston. It was the first American edition of well-known Mother Goose melodies, published by Fleet in 1725 and sold for two coppers each, which included a preface attributing these ancient verses to the Boston woman. Doubtless there were Europeans even then who knew this could not be so, and it has proved an unsatisfactory explanation to many Americans. For even a small amount of research turns up the fact that Goodman Fleet did not go very far in seeking the origins of a heritage of child rhymes that bear all the earmarks of European folk tradition.

It is generally conceded that the name itself, Mother Goose, was first used by the French. *La Mere l'Oye* was a nursery tradition in France for centuries. The name is supposed to come from Queen Goosefoot, "Reine Pedance," said to be the mother of Charlemagne. The name at any rate seems to belong to French folklore, for it is not found in early English traditions.

More than 200 years ago—about 1697—Charles Perrault published in Paris a book of stories called "Tales of My Mother Goose." There were eight of these, among them Little Red Riding Hood, Blue Beard, Puss in Boots, The Sleeping Beauty, and Little Thumb. It has been made clear by research that these melodies were of French origin and were mainly of great antiquity. Thus "Mother Goose" began her book existence with fairy tales and not nursery rhymes.

The idea of collecting well-known rhymes for children and attributing them to Mother Goose originated, it is generally thought, with John Newberry, a London publisher who has been styled "the father of children's literature in London." No less a person than Oliver Goldsmith worked with Newberry and helped edit the first edition of this collection. It appeared about 1790. Goldsmith probably contributed Little Goody

Two Shoes. Few books in the English language have had so great and persistent a circulation as this collection by Newberry.

In 1729 Mother Goose's Melodies were published in The Hague with an English translation. The English editions of Newberry's original melodies have practically disappeared in England. Fortunately Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, Mass., copied many of Newberry's favorite issues, selling them at four cents each. Sometime between 1824 and 1827 Monroe and Francis, a Boston firm of booksellers, published "Mother Goose's Quarto." In 1824 Halliwell, a well-known British scholar and Shakespearean critic, published "The Nursery Rhymes of England." It is the most complete collection of nursery rhymes ever published.

Among the collectors of nursery rhymes are found the brightest of scholars and literary people. Goldsmith, Halliwell, Andrew Lang, Charles Eliot Norton, and Charles Welsh are the names of a few.

The custom of singing these songs and lullabies to children dates back at least to the time of the ancient Druids. Some of these same melodies were possibly sung to Caractatus, King of the Britons, as he was rocked in his cradle on the island of Mona now called Anglesea.

There is a history behind most of the well-known nursery melodies. One of these goes as follows: When Henry V of England turned his forces against France, he composed a march for his troops. A great number of the English people did not want war with France. These people, taking advantage of the music of the march, adapted to it the following words, it is said, and sang it all over England:

There was an old woman tossed up in a
blanket,

Seventeen times as high as the moon,

"Old woman, old woman, old woman,"
quoth I,

"Whither, oh whither, oh whither so
high?"

"To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky."

The King is the old woman engaged in something absurd.

This rhyme has, however, been attributed to Oliver Goldsmith, also — a circumstance which would bring it down to a much later period.

A tradition connected with the Little Jack Horner rhyme has interest, whether or not actually true. When Henry VIII separated the English Church from Rome, he took the rich holdings of the abbeys of England to repay those who had helped him. It had long been customary for the monks of Glastonbury, one of the richest abbeys in England, to send a present to the King at Yuletide. As the monks were noted for their good cooking, part of the present consisted of a huge pie.

On a certain Christmas the pie, instead of being filled with the usual goodies, was filled with deeds of some of the holdings of the abbey. The monks hoped in this way to mollify the King, and thereby save some of their richer possessions. The story goes that one of the monks, John Horner, abstracted a deed from the pie.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie.
With finger and thumb
He pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a brave boy am I!"

It is thought that the game, "London Bridge Is Falling Down," played by the children of the present day, celebrates an event of the early part of the eleventh century. King Olaf, a Norseman, went to England and, after gaining a victory over King Ethelred, destroyed London Bridge. The rhyme of Jack and Jill seems to come from Icelandic mythology. The two children were supposed to have been stolen and taken to the moon, where they are still to be seen with the pail between them. They are pointed out to the Icelandic children of the present day by their mothers, as we point out the man or woman in the moon.

"Old King Cole" dates back to the third century A. D. King Cole is a historical character, who ruled the Britons

during the third century. "Handy dandy, Jack a-dandy," is part of an old game, centuries old, as it is referred to in Piers Ploughman in 1369. "The House That Jack Built" supposedly originated in an old bit of verse from the Chaldee. It is also found in the Hebrew. "Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree top," and "Rock-a-bye baby, thy cradle is green," are of pastoral origin, and of great antiquity. The melody, "Three Blind Mice," sung as a round, was published and set to music by 1609. "Humpty Dumpty" has been traced to the days of King John; "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?" to the reign of Elizabeth. "A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go" dates to 1650 and "Miss Muffet" to 1550. —*Christian Science Monitor.*

ADVENT

Spring comes with brisk tumultuous joy,
Swift whirl of golden wings;
The lilt of song, the buoyant air
With new delight she brings.

With fresh warm airs she woos to life
Earth's hidden mysteries,
The wildwood fragrance, bud and flower,
The burgeoning of trees.

She sends the west wind rioting
Where maple branches spread;
It blows adrift the feathery bloom,
And strews the paths with red.

We thrill to her exuberant mood,
Our hearts with rapture flame,
Entranced we seek her haunts and sing
Gay carols to her name.

With her glad impetus life sways
Aloft, to higher sphere,
New strains from "Choir invisible"
We catch with heaven-tuned ear.

Spring, harbinger of light and song,
Doth all sweet charms employ
To bring from earth's deep silences
Pure resonance of joy.

—*Jane G. A. Carter.*

SPRING IS COMING

I wonder if it's too early to be thinking of gardening. It seems so with the snow on the ground, but then all of a sudden it's melted, and the time is upon us. I always like to be ready.

There is no better hobby than gardening. It's healthy and certainly has pretty results; they're there for everyone to see, and it needn't be expensive you know. It's not the costly shrubs or plants that do the trick but gay flowers. In my opinion the least expensive flower garden is the one where you send to a large seed grower for samples. The money you send is only to cover the postage. In this way you have a large variety for the same money you'd pay for only one kind the other way.

I always write out a plan for myself to follow, for it is the combinations you choose that make the garden a joyous collection of bloom or just a jumble of flowers. It's like a piece of music you have to put the notes in the right place. Be sure to have a nice edge around the garden. A good idea is to make a small trough around it just deep enough to hold bricks from falling over—the red bricks next to the green grass look real nice.

There are a good many implements on the market to make gardening easier but these are all I need after I've turned the soil. A basket with a handle in which to keep all my things, which are, a ball of strong green twine (I prefer green because it blends with the foliage), a gardening fork, a sharp knife, and an equally sharp pair of shears, a roll of wire, and a pair of thick gloves. The wire is preferable to the string in some cases where the article to be tied up is a rather heavy bush. It is a good idea to paint the handles of the tools either white or bright yellow; then they are easily seen if laid among the grass. Don't forget your mat to kneel on and of course, you'll have to have a watering can. A small one for the children is a good idea too.

Did you ever try planting flowers at

the base of trees? Try it; it's something to look at, the green foliage way above and the riot of color down below. Small boxes painted green and placed in the crotches of trees make splashes of color if some bright hued flowers are planted therein. But don't place the boxes too far among the foliage because the flowers have to have sun.

To my way of thinking the sturdiest and most colorful flowers are the nasturtiums. You can get them in either the small or the giant—the latter you can train to climb or to droop. For those who prefer roses, but don't like to wait so long for them to bloom as usual, there is now a variety of seeds that bloom the same season they are planted. For the same good showing as nasturtiums I choose poppies, petunias, cosmos, snapdragon.

Then there are pansies, row on row or in small clusters of trusting little faces. I had a very hardy variety one year—they were blooming through the snow. And don't forget the sweet peas in their crisp ruffles. Another sturdy and bright flower is the marigold—you don't have to go off the gold standard in your garden. There is a very unusual cockscomb now; it bears a very feathery bloom and it's just as colorful as it is feathery; it's like an ostrich feather.

Don't forget larkspurs or hollyhocks for along the wall. —Clipped.

EASTER TIME

DAISY D. STEPHENSON

Easter is the time for eggs,

Colored rainbow-bright;

Easter Bunny's lovely gifts

To children overnight.

Easter is the time for songs,

Hymns of happy praise;

Time for lily chalices

That catch the sun's gold rays.

Easter is the time for joy;

Bluebird's piping clear:

"Children, come and greet the spring,

The darling of the year!"

—Christian Register.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE INDIAN PONY

GRETA GASKIN CARROLL

Today the Moose Mountain country in Saskatchewan is a fine, fertile stretch of rolling plain, with prosperous ranch houses set snugly here and there among the poplar bluffs. Fields of wheat, flax, oats, and potatoes cover it all summer long with luxuriant green or with misty blue, fading against the rim of sky overturned above it like a great bowl. A railway runs through, and shining metal elevators packed with grain lift their bulky towers beside its tracks.

But thirty-five years ago it was different. Then there were only a few scattered settlers, fields of growing crops were far apart, and there were merely roads instead of railways—none too good roads, either. Still, as nobody had a car in those days and the roads were not used a great deal, except at certain seasons, perhaps it didn't matter so much.

Into this district moved the Armstrong family, consisting of Jimmy, aged four, with his father and mother, joining the pioneer families already there. Up, up the gradual slope of the rolling, wooded hills they climbed, and chose a ranch site near the summit. On the farther side the mountains fell abruptly away into the Arcola Valley, and it was from here they really saw how high a perch they had chosen. In those days, too, the Indians moved about more freely, with a good deal of visiting from one reserve to another. They were closer to their original habits and dressed much more picturesquely; so that seeing a band of them moving across the plains left you with the feeling that the circus had just gone by. Yes, and more than that, too; for they represented a race passing from the pages of history. A fair-skinned people had come in, sweeping over the country, and a fresh page lay open whereon they were to inscribe a new destiny for Canada.

One day in early spring, little Jimmy

was standing in front of the house with Tinker, his dog, and looking so very cherubic that he could only have been thinking of running away or some other mischief. Tinker knew Jimmy and all his ways. He was the little boy's friend, play-fellow, and guardian, and he, as well as Jimmy, seemed to know that if you were going to do anything not allowed, you must be very quiet and quick about it. This morning, though, it was Tinker who suddenly began to behave queerly. He growled and went dashing across the prairie, and finally disappeared over the rim of a slope. Back he came at a running lope like a dog that has found something, and stood on guard beside Jimmy.

The next moment a rider appeared over the rim of the slope, darkly shadowed against the sunny sky. A second and a third! Others and still others!

"Indians!" cried Jimmy, running into the house. "Mother, come and see the Indians!"

Mrs. Armstrong left her work to stand outside, and Mr. Armstrong came up from the barn. It was a colorful cavalcade. The chief and the older men rode ahead on rangy little ponies whose rough coats and general leanness disguised their easy fleetness; the young braves followed. They wore the pick of Indian finery: the brightest of striped blankets; here and there a deerskin shirt, fringed and beaded; or a bright feather stuck in the back of their hair, braided and hanging in a plait over each shoulder. Now and then some nondescript fellow in a cast-off white man's coat or an old Stetson hat showed the rest up as doubly picturesque by adding just the right note of contrast. Behind—if there were such a position as behind in a company so spread out over the plain—came the old men on other Indian ponies not quite so swift but eminently useful, since they dragged behind them the rough travois of poles on which part of the camp equipment was piled. Here and there a fat, jolly, greasy squaw,

tanned to an almost chocolate state of sunburn, rode too, and the travois scraped along in her wake. There were several old wagons lumbering loosely along in the line of march, and one of these contained the old ladies of the band, wrinkled, toothless, or nearly so, their straight black hair escaping from its one thin braid in untidy strings. In another wagon were a number of Indian babies, tiny brown papooses that peeped out of the folds of blankets or lay in their strange cradles like slippers slipped into a bag.

Tinker, beside Jimmy, growled as they passed, tail and ears cocked, ready to pounce on the first intruder. But the Indian dogs trailing along did not disturb him, perhaps to his disappointment.

The band climbed to an open knoll at the west of the house and made camp. Watching from the kitchen window, the family could see everything that went on. There was considerable talk among the men, and then chief Ishnikoot came down. Tinker barked furiously at such a strange-smelling man and Mr. Armstrong went out. He knew the old Indian well; everybody did. And Ishnikoot, who knew all the settlers anywhere about, knew him quite as well, and that this was the best place to ask.

"Give Indian flour?" the old fellow wanted to know. "Many people. Much hungry." Supplies for the camp had, the settler learned, got very low. They had some game, but not enough; in two days they would reach the reservation where they were going; if they had some flour all would be well.

Now I suppose Ishnikoot had heard how Mr. Armstrong had many a time said that never man nor beast should turn hungry from his door while house or barn held anything that would feed them; but certainly he was aware that every spring and fall—with an extra trip at Christmas for apples and other things—the settler went into Whitewood, sixty miles away, with one or two great wagons in which he brought out flour, sugar, tea, molasses, cotton cloth, and

whatever else was needed in the house for the next six months. In the cellar was stored enough and to spare, and when an Indian needs food he is just as hungry as any other man.

"Sure! I can let you have a bag. But will one be enough?" responded the hospitable and genial settler.

"Yes. One bag plenty." The old chief carried it up to camp and a number of men gathered around him. There was a good deal of talk, and a horse was led over. Ishnikoot took the halter rope and walked down the hill.

Tinker and Jimmy went out wondering as he came to the door; Jimmy's father, too. Ishnikoot put the rope in his hand.

"You good man," said he, indicating that he was giving Mr. Armstrong the pony. "Never cheat Indian. Me trade. Good pony," he assured him. "You like-um."

She wasn't anything wonderful to look at—a rather rangy, scrubby Indian pony, that was all, and mouse-colored in the bargain. She was welcome, though, not only because she was old Ishnikoot's gift, but because the rancher had little stock as yet and horses were scarce. They had not long to wait, however, before they found out she was "good pony" indeed, just as the chief had said.

Run? She could run down a jack rabbit! She did it, too, when the mood urged her, or the jacks sat too temptingly up in impudent security; but mostly her gait was an easy lope, the one to which she had been broken and the same that cowboys learned to use in training their mounts; so that one could ride all day long on her and never tire. Cattle were new to her, but her ancestors had chased buffalo; so she had an instinctive knowledge of all the tricks in her blood and soon became a marvel on the range. They called her Flirt, and when you looked at her closely you saw the name became her.

Twenty-six years she lived on the ranch. Jimmy grew up, and he and his brothers and sisters had many a merry ride on her back. Flirt was too careful

to hurt them, but she usually made things interesting, just the same. She was an old horse now. At the plow and harvester a dozen colts of hers added their strength and usefulness to the work of the ranch; on the hills grazed sixty more easily distinguishable among the other horses for their likeness to her, grandsons, granddaughters, all owing their sturdiness to the staunch, mouse-colored Indian pony. Her influence spread afar; for of the fine colts she raised, ten or twelve were sold to ranchers roundabout who paid good prices and quickly snapped up any that were offered.

She was, in later days, taken off the range and given to the children to ride to school, but at length she became too old and slow even for them. "We just can't be late every morning!" they wailed. So she was put in the barn. Alas, her teeth

were gone, and she could no longer graze. The rancher fed her nice hot bran mash daily, and considered it small trouble in return for all she had done for him. There she remained until, after a while, she heard the drums calling and saw the waiting camp fires of the Happy Hunting Ground. But though the rancher is now an old man and the children grown up, they still lovingly remember Flirt, the gallant little gift pony who added so much to the pleasure and prosperity of Poplar Bluffs Ranch.

—*Christian Register.*

A Christian:—

A mind—through which Christ thinks.

A heart—through which Christ loves.

A voice—through which Christ speaks.

A hand—through which Christ helps.

—*Frederick A. Noble.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MRS. HARRY A. STEVENS, *Chairman*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

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To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine*. Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

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